

Back Was Lame and Ached; Could Do Very Little Work

Suffered Much From Kidney Disease For Years, but Cure Came With the Use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Doctors had tried to cure this man but failed to get to the cause of trouble, probably because they relied on medicines which act on the kidneys only. The strong feature about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills is their combined action on liver, kidneys and bowels. In many of these cases the disease is so complicated that ordinary kidney medicines fail to be of much benefit. Under such conditions Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills usually touch the spot and effect a cure.

Had they been only moderately successful Dr. Chase would never have selected them for world-wide distribution. As it was, the demand for these pills resulted naturally from their superior merit, and there was nothing else to do but supply them in large quantities.

Mr. Simeon Shieloff, Birchbrook Orchards, Birchbank, B.C., writes:—

"For several years I suffered greatly from kidney disease. I was weak and could do very little work. My back was lame and ached and I suffered much from headaches. Tried doctors and obtained no relief. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills were recommended by a friend, and after taking four boxes I think I can say that I am cured, for I feel as well as I ever did."

This statement is endorsed by Mr. Harry Anderson, J.P., who writes:— "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Mr. Simeon Shieloff and believe his statement in regard to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to be true and correct."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Company, Limited, Toronto.

"KYRA,"

OR,
The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER X

"All Women Are False."

"You do, eh?" said the marquis, rubbing his hands and peering into her face. "Oh, oh, that's good! My dear, you're a clever girl, and I've a good mind to—"

"Give me a sweet!" laughed Lillian. This retort was so girlish, so sweetly, ingeniously arch that the marquis was in raptures.

"A sweet!" he chuckled—"a sweet! Yes, yes, and a big one. What do you say to—to—Orland House and a coronet? You are clever enough to be a marchioness, and you shall be, if you like. Ah, ah, I've been thinking I'd do it, since I saw you at the Tullories, and now what do you say, my dear? What do you say?" and quite forgetful of his little affectation and lisp, he bent forward and peered under her downcast face, with a greedy, wolfish regard.

A cold hand seemed to fall on Lillian's heart, and she felt a tight—tight—tight.

"I—my lord!" she gasped, lifting her white face, as if she were blind.

"I mean it," he said. "You shall be the Marchioness of Orland, if you will. I'm old enough to take a wife, you know, eh? Hah, hah! Come, put your little hand in mine, my dear!"

Lillian hesitated a moment, then she stretched out her hand, and put it stiffly and slowly, as if it did not belong to her, in his.

It was so cold that the marquis, from whom all such sudden changes of temperature were warded off, shivered and shook for a moment; then he took the hand to his withered lips and mumbled over it, until she withdrew it from him, all smeared with carmine and pearl powder.

"Eh, eh!" he chuckled; "pretty little hand! Fine woman, though! Make a good marchioness! She's the pride of the lot!"

Then Lillian Devigne rose so suddenly that she almost frightened him out of his wits.

Her face was still, while her eyes stared before her; but the smile, the set smile, fell on him, as she turned to him.

"Will you wait here, my lord, for a moment? No, do not come—I-I am so warm—a glass of water!"

He rose, with painful alacrity. "My dear girl, allow me!"

"No—no!" she said, hurriedly. "Come," with a smile, as she pressed him back, "you must let me have my own way always! I will get it myself, and—and come back to you."

Rub Your Stiff Neck To-Day— Good Old "Nerviline" Will Cure

FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER USING NERVILINE YOU ARE WELL.

Cold, excessive strain and exertion are a common cause of stiff neck, soreness or inflammation.

Generally the cause is so deeply seated that only a liniment as powerful and penetrating as Nerviline will effect an immediate removal of pain.

Nerviline is powerful, yet penetrating, is the most rapid pain-expelling agent the world knows. Millions have proved its reliability and millions will share the relief its

remedy for this dreadful state of things, but, unfortunately, I was powerless, and utterly disinclined to accept it, and so—"

"What was the remedy?" said the white lips.

He laughed, with a heart free, and proud of his beauty and his love.

"My marriage with a neighboring millionaire's—coal owner's—daughter. You see, under the circumstances, I could scarcely take his advice!" he said, with gentle banter. "And now, what do you say, my Queen Lily?" and he got her hand at last.

She drew it from him, and clinched her fan, looking him straight in the face.

"That you will marry 'the earl's choice, the millionaire's daughter!" He looked up at her; then rose to his feet, with slow and painful surprise.

"What—what is the matter? Lily—Miss Devigne! Can I believe—" he stopped, and a sudden crimson flush dashed into his face, as his eyes riveted their scrutiny on her pale cheeks, and trembling lips, and cold, bewildered stare. "Can I believe that—that—the news I bring you has caused you to retract your promise of last night to me? Why do you not speak? Are you ill—or—only false?"

At the last bitter words, uttered with so deep a scorn and contempt, she started, and clinched her hands. Her lips moved; she herself seemed about to draw nearer to him, "with hands outstretched, imploringly and deprecatingly, when a rustle of a stiff silk behind them caused her to resume her former attitude, and not a moment too soon, for the wearer of the silk, Lady Devigne, came between her and Percy, and was followed by the little, padded figure of the marquis.

"My dear Lillian!" exclaimed Lady Devigne, tremblingly, glancing apprehensively at the stern, set, handsome face above her.

"My dearest Lillian!" mumbled the marquis, utterly oblivious of Percy. "To run away at such a moment! Too bad, my leedy, eh? Too bad, my beautiful marchioness, eh?—eh?" and he chuckled.

Percy started slightly, as if something had stung him, and looked from one to the other of the precious trio, with a bitter smile.

The silence, the attitude of the young man, at last seemed to strike upon the feeble, flickering senses of the old man, and he put up an unsteady eyeglass.

"And who is this? Eh—eh? Who is this? What, Mr. Chester—how d'ye do? How d'ye do?" and he held out a shaking hand.

It was long past his bedtime, and, in half an hour or so, he would be crying for his valet.

"What! He won't shake hands?" mumbled the most noble marquis, querulously. "Congratulate me, Jack—no, not Jack; he's dead, or crawled into a hole—I didn't mean Jack. What's your name? Congratulate me. Allow me to introduce you to the future Marchioness of Orland!" and he grinned, and fumbled at Lillian Devigne's cold hand.

"Thanks, my lord!" said Percy, with a grim, icy distinctness. "I know Miss Devigne, the future Marchioness of Orland, well—too well!" and, with a courteous bow, grave and composed as one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table he passed away from them.

The marquis stared, looked at the white face and tightly-pressed lips of his future bride, at the red, embarrassed countenance of his future mother-in-law, then, utterly bewildered, and bothered, and puzzled, and so tired, so very tired, began to cry!

Then a slim, keen-faced man came up quickly, and, drawing his lordship's quivering arm through his own, took him away. It was the most noble marquis' valet.

My lady ordered her carriage, and she and the future marchioness went home, in a silence that was more like the dumb despair of defeat than the exultation of victory.

And Percy? Well, he neither cursed nor swore, but quietly hunted out his palmeto from the corridor, put it on, and strode home also. When such men as he are betrayed, they take the blow as quietly as they take a kiss that preceded it.

It was only as he mounted the stairs to his chambers that he showed how hard he had been hit, for, as

AT ALL STAGES OF LIFE

The Woman's Medicine, Good for All Ages. Mrs. Harold Smith's Experience.

Clarksburg, W. Va.—"I am writing to tell you the good your medicine has always done me and I hope my letter may be the means of helping some other suffering woman. When I was 16 years old I caught cold and had suppression for two months. I got so weak I could scarcely drag myself up the stairs. I went to two doctors, then my mother got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it. I never had any more trouble and got strong fast. Then I took it again before my little girl was born and it helped me a good deal for it. Then this spring I felt very badly again, but I took the Compound and have been well all summer. I cannot be grateful enough for your medicine."—Mrs. HAROLD M. SMITH, 470 Water Street, Clarksburg, W. Va.

For forty years it has been making women strong and well, and curing backache, nervousness, uterine and ovarian inflammation, weakness, displacements, irregularity and periodic pains.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential), Lynn, Mass.

he held the banister in his hand, it creaked and groaned under the strain of his tight grasp.

It was darkness in his room. Poor Beamish was lying literally tied by the leg up in his own apartment, and Percy felt his way among the tables and chairs, vainly groping for a match; as he did so, he knocked over a table of knickknacks, and the crash awoke Charlie, who had fallen to sleep in the chair.

"Perce, is that you?" he exclaimed. "Yes, Charlie," was the reply; "it is I, and not the long looked for burglar. Not in bed, yet?"

"No; I thought I'd wait up for you, Perce," yawned the boy. "I seemed as if I could not go to bed to-night before you came in. What is it—a match?"

"No, never mind, just yet," said Percy, quickly, dropping on to the couch, and placing his hand on the boy's shoulder. "And where have you been, Charlie?"

"To the Vernons. Jolly evening, but I came away early; I felt tired, and wanted to see you, somehow. How have you got on?"

"Marvelously," said Percy, with a strange smile to himself.

"Ah," said Charlie, "I thought of you, Perce, and how jolly an evening you would spend. She was there, of course?"

"If by she you mean Miss Devigne, yes, Charlie."

"And looked as beautiful as ever! How many times did you dance with her, dear old Perce?"

"Not once."

"Ah, of course; you were late, and she didn't expect you. Poor old Beamish! He is as well as can be expected; I have been up to him. And wasn't she glad to see you. I expect, Perce! I know how she smiled when she saw you; she can smile, now! It's like an angel looking kindly at you. But, I say, Perce, I am afraid I've been getting into another scrape; I'm always in 'em, am I not? I'm so thoughtless. But I said to myself that I would tell you, and so I waited up."

"Quite right, Charlie; everything you do interests me. What is it?"

"Oh, Count Hudspiel again. I'm awfully mad that I should have run up against him; but what do you think? You know there was a card-room at the Vernons to-night, and he and Captain Warner and young Schofield and some others were playing, and I went in to get some wine for a lady, and, just as I was passing near the table, I heard the count say: 'I said that it was a canard about Chester and her; the marquis is in town, and he will be the happy man.'"

"Good thing, for the Devignes if that's true, count," said somebody; "but I doubt it."

(To be Continued.)

1711—Ladies' and Misses' Bathing Suit (With Bloomers). Mohair, brilliantine, serge, flannel and silk are icy distinctness. "I know Miss Devigne, the future Marchioness of Orland, well—too well!" and, with a courteous bow, grave and composed as one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table he passed away from them.

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Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SET OF NEW TUNICS.

1713—These attractive styles may be used for any material. Lace, embroidery, embroidered crepe or voile, taffeta, faille, net, tulle, chiffon or crêpe de chine, all are suitable and appropriate. Style No. 1 is made with plaits over the front, is cut with deep points at the sides, and gathered to a band or belt. Style No. 2 shows a deep plait over the centre front and at the sides; it has gathered fulness; which falls in graceful folds over the hips. Style No. 3 is equally attractive, showing a long point in front and in the back, where the fulness forms a wide plait over the centre.

The Pattern, which includes all styles illustrated, is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. No. 1 will require 1½ yard of 44-inch material. No. 2 will require 3 yards and No. 3 will require 2½ yards, for a Medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SMART STYLE.

1711—Ladies' and Misses' Bathing Suit (With Bloomers). Mohair, brilliantine, serge, flannel and silk are icy distinctness. "I know Miss Devigne, the future Marchioness of Orland, well—too well!" and, with a courteous bow, grave and composed as one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table he passed away from them.

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List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to May 30th, 1916.

- A
Andrews, R. Duckworth St.
Andrews, Miss K. (card), Theatre Hill
- B
Baily, Mrs. Mary
Baker, Miss Mary, Water St.
Black, Mrs. T. P., care Gen. Delivery
Batten, Abraham, Duckworth St.
Bryant, W. C.
Baldwin, Miss Charlotte, Gower St.
Barrow, Miss Susie, Gower St.
Barton, Mrs. Wm.
Barnes, Wm., Long Pond Road
Bennet, Mrs. Peter, c/o Gen. Delivery
Byrne, Mrs. James, King's Road
Byrne, Miss Margaret
Belbin, Miss Emma, King's B. Road
Bell, W. F., Bell Street
Bird, Miss Maggie, late Grand Falls
Brown, Mrs. Thos., Queen St.
Butler, Mr. & Mrs. James, card, Flower Hill
- Burt, Mrs. Joseph, care Gen'l Post Office
Buddon, Miss Mgt., card
Burton, Robert, LeMarchant Road
Bursew, Wm., care Savings Bank
Butler, W. J., Young Street
Cooper, Miss Rose, card
Crimp, Miss May, c/o Peter O'Mara
Corner, Frank J., c/o C. E. O'Reilly
Corkum, Clarence S.
Callahan, John, 51 — Street
Christiansen, Ralph
Coleman, Thomas, Barter's Hill
Collier, J. P.
Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Wm., Balsam Place
Crane, E.
- D
Day, Joshua, c/o G. P. O.
Dwyer, Miss A., Bond St.
Devnie, Mrs. Frank, New Gower St.
- E
Elkin, Mrs. Stanley
Ellisworth, Const. T., West End Station
- F
Facey, S., New Gower St.
French, Solomon, Scott St.
Fitzpatrick, Mrs., Pleasant St.
- G
Green, Mrs., Lime St.
Glover, Jasper, late Port aux Basques
Gouldie, Ernest.
- H
Hayward, Miss Sarah, New Gower St.
Hewlett, Arminius, c/o Gen. Delivery
Hurley, Mrs. Norman, card, John St.
Hutchings, A. G., Hamilton St.
- J
Jones, J. W., card, c/o G. P. O.
Jenkins, J., Casey's St.
Johnson, Ralph
Jackson, Mrs. George, New Gower Street
Johnston, James, Nagle's Hill
James, Wm. J., Bannerman St.
James, J., Hagerty's Street
Jackson, Mrs. George, New Gower St.
Jones, Vincent
- K
Keefe, Mrs. H., slip, Forest Road
Kelly, Miss Gerie, card, late Placentia
Kirby, Charles, Prince's Street
King, Mrs. Bertha
- L
Lamb, Miss Mary, Spencer St.
Lynch, David
Lacey, Mrs. James, Pennywell Road
- M
Maynard, F. J., care Gen. P. Office
- Martin, Haviland S., card
Marshall, Mrs. M., King's Road
Malloy, Mrs. James, George St.
Manuel, Maud, care Gen. Delivery
Martin, Jack, Newtown Road
Miller, Miss Ida, care Gen. P. Office
Miffin, Sydney C., card
Mitchell, Miss Nellie
Moore, Mrs. J., Monroe St.
Murphy, Miss A., Gower St.
Murphy, John J., Agent
Murphy, Miss Bridie, Young St.
Murphy, Pie, Patrick, retd.
Murrin, Ralph
Murphy, Mrs. May, Bannerman Road
Matford, Miss M. B., card, care General Delivery
Malone, P. J.
- McDonald, Mrs., Duckworth St.
McDonald, Wm.
McKinnon, Mrs., New Gower St.
- N
Noseworthy, Mr. and Mrs. Geo., card
- O
O'Keefe, Philip, Prescott St.
O'Donnell, John, care Reid Co.
O'Toole, Francis, Black Marsh Road
- P
Parsons, George, Pennywell Road, care G.P.O.
Parrell, Wm., Long Pond Road
Parrell, Wm., Allandale Road
Power, James, care Ivy Hotel, Water Street West
Parsons, Miss Jessie, card, care Mrs. White, Pleasant St.
- Q
Quirk, Thomas, c/o Genl. P. Office.
- R
Ryan, Miss Katie, Queen St.
Reddy, James, Newtown Road
Redmond, James
Richards, Miss N., Duckworth St.
Roberts, Henry, Allandale Road
Roberts, E. W.
Rogers, Joseph
Robins, John, South Battery
Rogers, E., Hutchings' St.
Roberts, Solomon
Ruby, Miss M., Water St. West
- S
Stewart, Capt. George
Spracklin, Herbert
Stratton, Miss Amelia
Shaw, Miss Mary J., Pleasant Street
Stapleton, Miss Laura, Theatre Hill
Stevens, Chas., care G. P. O.
Sterling, T. H. & Co.
Slims, Mary C., care Mrs. Furlong
Smith, J. H., Gower St.
Smith, A. B.
Spook, Abner, Freshwater Road
Scott, Miss P.
Sullivan, Martin, Ivy Hotel, Water St.
Sullivan, Miss Flossie, card, Queen's Road
Squires, Joseph, Queen St.
Sinnott, A., Pennywell Road
- T
Taylor, Louis, care G. P. O.
Thistle, Joseph, New Gower St.
Thompson, Wm., Duckworth St.
- W
Ward, Frank R., Gower St.
Wall, Miss Annie, 21 — St.
Whalen, Mrs. Patrick
Walsh, John, late Hr. Grace
Walsh, Mr., P. O. Box 571
Whelan, J.
Whelan, Mrs. Mary, Gower St.
Winsor, James, care G. P. O.
White, Mrs. John, Carter's Hill
Whitbourne, Wm., Cochran St.
Williamas, A. Circular Road
Wright, Henry
Woodcock, E.
Watson, Emily, Miss, Cowan Home.
- Y
Young, B. E., New Gower St.

Out of a Hell of Slaughter.

"It's worth about nine cents in Canadian money for the bronze there is in it; but—" and the thin, pallid man of 45 passed his hand over his eyes as, if to shut out forever the memory of the deed that won him the Victoria Cross, the most highly-prized medal of honor that the British Empire can bestow.

Even in these times that try men's souls and determine whether they be of gold or of baser metal, this man, John Howard Trynor, on whose blouse none other than King George V. pinned the bronze "V.C.," stands pre-eminently a hero. There may be others, but none has reached these shores yet with an experience that equals his, and with a V.C.

You see, Trynor had done a good bit of fighting before he won his medal, had been wounded half a dozen times, and performed feats of devilish daring. He was out of the hospital only two days when "That Wipers (Ypres) thing happened." Ypres is called Wipers by the British soldiers. It was at Ypres that Trynor won the Victoria Cross—a cheap-looking bronze medal with a purple ribbon on which is inscribed the magic words: "For valor."

"That Wipers thing" was only carrying 11 men out of the crater left by a German shell in the region between the trenches while the action at Ypres was hottest.

"I can hardly realize that I went through it," says Trynor. "I was doing engineering work at that time, sapping and mining, tunnelling under to get into the German trenches, about 250 yards away. There are about 12 men who go together in this work."

"We were about half way across 'No Man's Land' when a big, high explosive shell from one of the German batteries fell short and exploded directly over the end of our sap. It left a hole as big as a house, and in an instant we were all tangled up and left exposed to the German rifle fire on the opposite trench."

"I was the only man in the party who could walk. The rest were knocked out. My left arm was badly hurt, but somehow I managed to get one of the fellows up on my back and lug him into our trenches."

"When I got to the trench I thought about the 10 other poor devils I had left behind me. They were helpless under the fire of the German rifles. So I started back and got a second one. When I got in I found he had been killed right there on my back."

"Well, to make a long story short, I brought in all the other fellows, and one more of them got his death while I was carrying him out. The Germans got me, too, six times, but I lived through it—and when I got out of the hospital in London this is what they gave me, the V.C."

"That Wipers thing," sufficient as it was to secure him his V.C., consisted but a small fragment of the thrilling experience of John Howard Trynor, who is trying to get back his nerve in Boston so he can return to the struggle. He is a New Brunswicker, born under the British flag, who early came to Rockland, Maine, to live. But blood is thicker than water. He saw the cloud gathering long before the war broke and was in England when the hour struck.

Enlisting in the Eleventh Battalion of the famous Black Watch, he participated in the battles of Mons, Marne, Neuve Chapelle, The Loos, Hill 60 and Ypres, was in the hospital five times, and now bears upon his body the marks of shrapnel wounds in the head (in which a silver plate three inches square now replaces the bones removed), a bullet wound in the shoulder, two through the lungs, two in the stomach, two in his knee, and through his instep, and he has lost the tip of one finger where a bit of shell struck it.

This man is the sole survivor of his original battalion of the Black Watch and is one of three survivors out of 3,500 men killed on the field.

"Out of 62,000 men engaged, we lost 35,000 in the charge at Hill 60," he says.

"But the worst of all was the gas. That's what gets you," he says. "I got it good at The Loos, through a leaky helmet—lost my memory, lost my nerve, lost my health. The bullets and shrapnel wounds are nothing compared to the effect of the gas."

Trynor is now 45 years old and looks "all shot to pieces." His wounds have healed, but he still finds it necessary to stop and think hard in order to recall the names of even his dearest relatives and friends—so deadly is the effect of the gas used by the Germans.

At Hill 60 Trynor was in the thick of the fight and was the only survivor of the company. In the last charge against the German lines the British lost 20,000 men.

SAVE KERO OIL, besides getting six times more light, by using the Aladdin Lamp. CHESLEY WOODS Sole Distributor, 182 Duckworth St.

PERFECTION.

When you buy from us you get

**Fine Gold,
Good Weight,
Bright Finish,**

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THE RELIABLE JEWELLERS, ST. JOHN'S.

The "Evening Telegram" is read by over 40,000 People daily.